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Souvenirs  
SATURDAY**



**WHATEVER**

You do, don't forget our Saturday Souvenir Sale. The souvenirs, which consist of handsome pieces of china, are given free to all purchasers in addition to the regular checks. Don't fail to visit our store

**SATURDAY, JULY 31st**

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Low Price Imported Razors will be placed on sale at 97c each. These razors are from one of the leading importers of razors in the United States. The M. L. Brandt Co. of New York. They are all high grade samples. We secured a big stock at a fabulous figure. The assortment comprises all the well known names, including the "Wade & Butcher," "Brandt," "I. L.," "Rogers," "Foster," "Pine Razor," "Don't Cut," "Lewie," "Blue Seal," popular brands as high as \$2.50 and \$3.00 each. Every razor is guaranteed perfect, and set ready for use. Every razor sold that does not give perfect satisfaction can be exchanged.

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For men who cannot use a straight razor, we have placed on sale the celebrated Brandt Safety Razors. They come with a blade made of the finest Sheffield steel, which is full hollow ground. The Brandt Blade will last a lifetime and can be honed and stropped same as an ordinary razor. Fully guaranteed. The regular price of this razor is \$2.00; during this sale we will sell them at 97c each.

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**The Man  
From  
Brodney's**

By **GEORGE BARR  
M'CUTCHEON**

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"I came out here to escape certain consequences," said he candidly. "I'll stay to enjoy the uncertain ones. I am not in the least alarmed on my own account. The object of my visit, Lord Deppingham, is to ask you to be on your guard up here. After the next steamer arrives and they learn that Sir John will not withdraw me in submission to Rasula's demand, with the additional news that your solicitors have fled in confusion and have begun a bitter contest that may tie up the estate for years—then, I say, we may have trouble. It is best that you should know what to expect. I am not a traitor to my cause in telling you this. It is no more than I would expect from you were the conditions reversed."

"It's mighty decent in you, Chase, to put us on our guard. Would you mind talking it over with Browne and me after luncheon? You'll stay to lunch."

"Thank you. It may be my death sentence, but I'll stay."

In the wide east gallery they saw Lady Deppingham and Bobby Browne deeply engrossed in conversation. Deppingham started and involuntarily allowed his hand to go to his temple as if to check the thought that flitted through his brain.

"Good Lord," he said to himself, "is it possible that they are considering that—Saunders' proposition? Surely they can't be thinking of that!"

As he led the way across the green, Browne's voice came to them distinctly. He was saying earnestly:

"The mere fact that we have come out to this blessed Isle is a point in favor of the islanders. Chase won't overlook it, and you may be sure Sir John Brodney is making the most of it. Our coming is a guarantee that we consider the will valid. It is an admission that we regard it as sound. If not, why should we recognize its provisions, even in the slightest detail? Britt is looking for hallucinations and all!"

"Sh!" came in a loud hiss from somewhere near at hand, and the two in the gallery looked down with startled eyes upon the distressed face of Lord Deppingham. They started to their feet at once, astonishment and wonder in their faces. They could scarcely believe their eyes. The enemy!

He was smiling broadly as he lifted his helmet, smiling in spite of the discomfort that showed so plainly in Deppingham's manner.

Chase was warmly welcomed by the two heirs. Lady Agnes was especially cordial. Her eyes gleamed joyously as she lifted them to meet his admiring gaze. She was amazingly pretty. The conviction that Chase had mistaken her for Lady Agnes the evening before took a fresh grasp upon the mind of the Princess Geneva. A shameless wave of relief surged through her heart.

Chase was presented to Drusilla Browne, who appeared suddenly upon the scene, coming from no one knew where. There was a certain strained look in the Boston woman's face and a suspicious redness near the bridge of her little nose.

"It's very good of you," said the enemy after all of them had joined in the invitation. "Why is it that I am more fortunate than your own attorneys? I am but a humble lawyer, after all, no better than they. Would you mind telling me why I am honored by an invitation to sit at the table with you? The touch of easy sarcasm was softened by the faint smile that went with it. Deppingham felt it his duty to explain.

"It's—it's—er—oh, yes, it's because you're a diplomat," he finally remarked in triumph. It was a grand recovery, thought he. "Saunders is an ass, and Britt would be one if Browne could only admit it, as I do. Rubbish! Don't let that trouble you. Eh, Browne?"

"Besides," said Bobby Browne breezily, "I haven't heard of your clients inviting you to lunch, Mr. Chase. The cases are parallel."

"I'm not so sure about his clients' wives," said Deppingham, with a vast haw-haw! Chase looked extremely uncomfortable.

"I am told that some of them are very beautiful," said Geneva sedately.

"Other men's wives always are, I've discovered," said Chase gallantly.

The party had moved over to the great stone steps which led down into the garden. Chase was standing beside Lady Deppingham, and both of them were looking toward his distant bungalow.

"That is my home, princess. It is the first time I have seen it from your point of view, Lady Deppingham. I must say that it doesn't seem as far from the chateau to the bungalow as it does from the bungalow to the chateau. There have been times when the chateau seemed to be thousands of miles away."

"When in reality it was at your very feet," she said, with a bright look into his eyes. For some unaccountable reason Geneva resented that look and speech.

"Is that really where you live?" she asked, so innocently that Chase had difficulty in controlling his expression.

At that instant something struck sharply against the stone column above Chase's head. At least three persons saw the little puff of smoke in the hills far to the right. Every one heard the distant crack of a rifle. The bullet had dropped at Chase's feet before the sound of the report came floating

to their ears. No one spoke as he stooped and picked up the warm, deadly missile. Turning it over in his fingers, he said coolly, although his cheek had gone white:

"With Von Blitz's compliments, ladies and gentlemen. He is calling on me by proxy."

"Good God, Chase," cried Browne, "they're trying to murder us! Get back, every one! Inside the doors!"

"I'm sorry to bring my troubles to your door," said Chase. "It was meant for me, not for any of you. The man who fired that shot did not intend to kill me. He was merely giving voice to his pain and regret at seeing me in such bad company." He was smiling calmly and did not take a single step to follow them to safety.

"Come in, Chase! Don't stand out there to be shot at!"

"I'll stay here for a few minutes, Mr. Browne, if you don't mind, just to convince you all that the shot was not intended to kill. They're not ready to kill me yet. I'm sure Lord Deppingham will understand. He has been shot at often enough since he came to the island."

He lighted a cigarette and coolly leaned against the column, his gaze bent on the spot where the smoke had been seen. The others were grouped inside the doors where they could see without being seen. A certain sense of horror possessed all of the watchers.

"For heaven's sake, why does he stand there?" cried the princess at last. "I can endure it no longer. It may be as he says it is, but it is foolhardy to stand there and taunt the fool of that marksman. I can't stay here and wait for it to come. How can?"

"He's been there for ten minutes, princess," said Browne—"plenty of time for another try."

Before they were aware of her intention the princess left the shelter and boldly walked across the open space to the side of the man. He started and opened his lips to give vent to a sharp command.

"It is so easy to be a hero, Mr. Chase, when one is quite sure there is no real danger," she said, with distinct irony in her tones. "One can afford to be melodramatic if he knows his part so well as you know yours."

Chase felt his face burn. It was a direct declaration that he had planned the whole affair in advance. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette and then tossed it away, hesitating long before replying.

"Nevertheless I have the greatest respect for the courage which brings you to my side. I dare say you are quite justified in your opinion of me. It all must seem very theatrical to you. I had not thought of it in that light. I shall now retire from the center of the stage. It will be perfectly safe for you to remain here—just as it was for me." He was leaving her without another word or look. She repeated:

"I am sorry for what I said," she said eagerly. "And"—she looked up at the hills with a sudden widening of her eyes—"I think I shall not remain."

Chase made light of the occurrence, but sought to impress upon the others the fact that it was prophetic of more serious events in the future. In a perfectly cold blooded manner he told them that the islanders might rise against them at any time.

"The people are angry, and they will become desperate. Their interests are mine, of course. I am perfectly sincere in saying to you, Lady Deppingham, and to you, Mr. Browne, that in time they will win out against you in the courts. But they are impatient. They are not the kind who can wait and be content. It is impossible for you to carry out the provisions of the will, and they know it. That is why they resent the delays that are impending."

(To be Continued.)

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One bag saw, two cross saws, one driver, one planer, one boring machine, one mortise machine, one joiner, one moulder, or stickler, one Tennon machine, one 15 H. P. gas engine contained in the shop of J. Andrew Grive at Nos. 1231 and 1233 Pembroke street, in said Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 27th day of July, 1909.

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